CATHOLICS IN AMERICA

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Some one has said that if America had a monument to religious enlightenment it should be the figure of a lone Catholic priest with bared head, cassock faded by wind and rain, and sandaled feet torn and bruised from contact with briers and stones. From the worn, wan face the eyes should look out, determined and unafraid, as when they gazed into the dangers of untried forests and unexplored plains. At the base of such a statue might be set a tablet containing the names of the early evangels of Christ, who came this way when wilderness was king; who entered eagerly and fearlessly upon the long marches through a primeval land where only too often the way led on to death. On such a list the names would be legion. It would include the zealous but misguided seekers for the Seven Cities of Cibola and the wonderful Fountain of Youth; it would include scores of princely adventurers and hundreds of ardent crusaders who met their fate while carrying the emblem of the cross into the New World.

What a story it is! At first it is almost as dim and incredulous as mythology. In the old Sagas there is the story of pious St. Brendan, who sailed with his followers from the west coast of Ireland across unknown seas to find and Christianize other races. Their boats were fashioned of wooden frames and ox hides. They met wonderful floating palaces, in which all the rooms were crystal, but in which no one lived. They landed on a small flat island, which resented the lighting of a fire and immediately sank, hardly allowing them time to re-embark. At length they landed on another island, which hurled fire at them and emitted streams of hot water from fissures in the soil. Later, they returned to Ireland and astounded and delighted the credulous people with these stories of their wonderful voyage. In the light of to-day we can see nothing in these fantastic accounts but the meeting of icebergs, the possible landing on the back of a restling whale, and the seeing of volcanoes, geysers, and hot springs in Iceland.

It is claimed that a Catholic priest came over to the New World in John Cabot's fleet in 1498, but the first record of the recital of the Catholic liturgy in America was when the priests of Ponce de Leon's party said service amid the Everglades of Florida in 1521. A colony was established there, but the Indians attacked it so fiercely that it had to be abandoned. The very year the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock a Franciscan priest crossed the Niagara River from Canada and preached to the Indians of Western New York. Two years later there were Jesuits as far West as Sault Ste. Marie, and the Capuchin Fathers in the early seventeenth century had preached from the Kennebec to the Gaspe.

In the far West there were Viscayno and his Carmelite monks, the Jesuits, and then Father Junipero Serra traveling overland from Mexico to found the mission of San Diego. Soon there was a string of missions, set a day's journey apart, reaching from the Mexican border to San Francisco. The enterprise of Father Junipero is shown by the story that he once captured a red man from the forest and forcibly baptized him into the new faith. The bell that rang out the tidings was suspended from the branches of a tree, and the only church was the open air.

The first English Catholic settlement in America was in 1634, when George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, established a colony in Maryland. He not only guaranteed religious freedom to all, but built chapels for whatever denomination asked for them. The first Catholic church was in charge of Father Andrew White, a Jesuit. It is claimed that this was the first American colony that offered religious freedom to all and kept its word, although the same has been claimed for Roger Williams' Baptists. Previous to this settlement there had been English Catholic services among the settlers on St. Clement's Isle, and in 1766 the German Catholics celebrated mass in Philadelphia. In 1755 the remnants of the exiled Acadian colony, driven from Nova Scotia by the British King, found refuge in Baltimore, some going on further to Louisiana to be the progenitors of the 'Cajans there to-day. At this time the Catholics in Baltimore were still under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostle of the London district.

In the Revolution the Catholics took the part of the colonies. Among the members of the Continental Congress and the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons, and Thomas Sim Lee. Rev. John Carroll, of Baltimore, afterward a bishop, was sent as delegate to Canada to urge the colonies there to join the Revolution. Although he failed in this, there were two Canadian regiments of Catholics who served on the American side. The Catholic Indians of Maine, under Chief Orono, and the St. Regis Indians of New York took a prominent part in the war, while French Catholic settlers and the Indians of Illinois won the West for the cause of independence.

Among foreign Catholics who were noted as defenders of the colonies were Lafayette, Rochambeau, Kosciusko, and Pulaski. Gen. Stephen Moylan, a patriot member of that church, was the first quartermaster in the Revolution, and most of the men in Mad Anthony Wayne's command were stanch adherents of that faith. When money was badly needed by the Continental Congress, twenty-seven members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick came forward with a loan of $500,000, and Thomas Fitzsimmons individually lent $25,000. Jack Barry, the Catholic commander of the colonial navy, was approached by Lord Howe, and offered a bribe of 15,000 guineas and the command of the best frigate in the British navy if he would desert. Barry scorned the offer by saying: "I have devoted myself to the cause of America, and not the value and command of the whole British fleet could seduce me." The city of Washington was planned by two Catholics, and the architect of the White House, first called the President's Palace, was also a member of that faith.

According to the most recent statistics there are now a little more than 13,000,000 Catholics in the United States. The figures were furnished by the different bishops, who estimated that they had gained almost 500,000 members in this country in 1906. The population of Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and other possessions recently acquired by the United States, is largely Catholic, so that the entire number of people of that faith now under the American flag amounts to practically 21,000,000. There are now 12,148 Catholic churches in the United States, 334 of which were built last year. There are 4,364 parochial schools, and in all the Catholic educational institutions in America there are 1,266,175 pupils. Included in the list of property owned by the Catholic Church in this country are 255 orphan asylums, which take care of 40,588 orphans. New York has more Catholics than any other city, Chicago second, and Boston third.

The whole Catholic organization has no more vigorous nor progressive branch than that in America. When I was in Rome last year I was granted a private audience by the Pope, and His Holiness paid me the unusual compliment of giving me a statement for publication in this country. He said in part: "I have the greatest admiration for your wonderful republic, and the highest esteem for the American people. I am proud of the great body of Catholics there, and will always counsel them to be thankful for the religious freedom which they have. Say that I send my love and blessing to all Americans, irrespective of creed, and that I earnestly pray for a continuance of the harmony and prosperity which they now enjoy."

By a strange coincidence the people of the United States are linked with the memory of the last Pope and identified with the reign of the present one. When Leo XIII was dying he was told that prayers for his recovery were being said in the Protestant churches of America. The old man smiled feebly, and whispered, "That is my greatest consolation." A party of American pilgrims arrived in Rome just before the new Pope was elected, and were directly in front of him when he made his first appearance in St. Peter's. They held up the Stars and Stripes to him, and it was the first flag he blessed.

On account of their numbers and their long association with the history of the United States, the Catholics naturally figured prominently in all walks of life. Among the justices of the United States Supreme Court there have been three Catholics, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, Justice Edward D. White, and Justice Joseph McKenna. Charles J. Bonaparte, Attorney General of the United States, is a Catholic. United States Senators John M. Gearin, of Oregon; Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, and Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, are of this faith. So are James Higgins, the new governor of Rhode Island; Mark Fagan, the famous mayor of Newark, and Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston. Two of the best known Catholic writers are Marion Crawford, the novelist, and Finley Peter Dunne, author of "Mr. Dooley." James F. Smith, governor general of the Philippines, is a Catholic.

To-morrow—Methodists of the United States.

CAPTURING A BURGLAR.

BY HARRIET LAMMIE SMITH.

Scott sat on the step of the guildhall and fanned himself with his hat. Through the open door came the sound of feminine voices, animated and eager. The young man's eyes scanned the landscape with something of wistfulness in their depths. He had noticed one or two pretty girls in the throng of older women who were engineering the church supper, but apparently they were all too busy for conversational advances. He reflected with a sense of injury that his visit was opening tamely.

"Chester!" It was his aunt's brisk voice, and Scott rose with alacrity. Energetic Aunt Anne liked to see people busy. In her summons he read a promise of occupation, and welcomed it, regardless of its nature. Nor was he destined to be disappointed.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Scott," said Aunt Anne, addressing a group of ladies, who acknowledged the introduction by a collective smile. "And he'll be delighted to do any little errands for us," she added generously. "Now, Mrs. Anderson, tell him about your spoons."

Mrs. Anderson beamed gratefully on the young man. "I'm sure it's awfully kind of you, Mr. Scott. You see, we're short of spoons, and I want to send you for mine. Do you know Fayette street? Yes; it crosses Main at right angles, and my house is a yellow cottage on the right, with woodbine over the porch. You'll find the key under the mat. Go straight through the hall into the dining-room, and the spoons are in the left-hand drawer of the sideboard. It's just lovely of you to help us out, Mr. Scott."

The other ladies murmured assent, and one or two of the younger flashed appreciative glances in his direction. Scott's spirits rose. He promised a speedy return, and started on his errand, reflecting as he went on the refreshing confidence of a community which left its keys under the door mats and permitted strangers to have access to its homes.

He had no difficulty in finding the yellow cottage, and the key was in its place. He made his way through the silent hall into the dining-room, and here he encountered his first check. The spoons were not in the drawers of the sideboard. In fact, they were not in the sideboard at all, though he ransacked it thoroughly to make sure. Opening the closet door, he was rewarded by the sight of a well-stocked silver chest, and he possessed himself of the spoons, promising himself a laugh at the expense of the owner of the silver, whose memory was so unreliable.

"Hold up your hands!"

The request came in tones whose determination could not be mistaken, and Scott spun on his heel to find himself facing a revolver. Back of the revolver was a girl. She was a rather tall girl, with very white cheeks and absurdly long lashes. She wore a garden hat, beneath which little tendril-like curls festooned themselves about her forehead. Under other circumstances Scott would have voted her charming.

"Hold up your hands!" said the girl again, and Scott obeyed, reflecting that it was better to humor her first and explain afterward. The spoons in his pocket seemed to weigh a ton. He felt hot and ridiculous.

"Your mother asked me," he began—

The girl interrupted him. "I have no mother. Your excuses will only make a bad matter worse."

Scott bit his lip. Absurd as the situation was, it had a serious side. He spoke with as much dignity as was consistent with standing before a beautiful girl with his hands on a level with his ears. "I was requested to come here by the lady of the house," he insisted.

"Oh, indeed. Then perhaps you will tell me her name."

Scott racked his brain. In the distraction of that general introduction, Mrs. Anderson's name had failed to imprint itself on his memory.

"I don't know her name," he acknowledged, "but she is a dark-haired woman, about forty-five I should say, with a good deal of color." He would have gone further with his description, but the young woman checked him by a gesture not to be misunderstood.

"I prefer to know no more of your preposterous fiction," she said witheringly. "Evidently you are not as shrewd as you think yourself. It happens that I am the lady of this house and I am going to keep you right here until my uncle comes."

Scott cursed his folly. Doubtless there were yellow cottages on every block, and all the neighborhood kept its keys under the door mat. He tried to say something about a mistake, but she would not listen. Keeping her eye upon him, she seated herself deliberately. "Please do not move," she said, "or I shall be compelled to shoot and that would be very disagreeable for me, and considerably worse for you."

In the position he was compelled to assume, Scott had an excellent opportunity for studying his captor. She was certainly a remarkably pretty girl. The stern determination of her eyes could not hide their depth and luster. The pallor of her cheeks failed to disguise their exquisite curves. The hand that held the revolver was a very shapely one. It pained him to notice that the girl was gradually growing nervous. Her hand trembled. Her bosom rose and fell as if sobs were struggling to escape. Once or twice her eyes seemed almost to waver before his own. "Stop looking at me like that," she suddenly commanded.

"I beg your pardon," said Scott humbly and looked at the floor. Now that he no longer had her face to distract him, he realized that the unaccustomed position of his arms was a most uncomfortable one. A twinge of pain contracted his face and he sighed.

"Does it hurt?" asked the holder of the revolver, with a grim pleasure in the situation.

"It does," Scott acknowledged feelingly.

"On the whole," observed the girl, "it is probably less painful than a term in the penitentiary."

"I have no doubt that you are right," Scott agreed politely.

Silence fell between them after this. They were still for so long that a little mouse crept out of the closet and scurried like a fleck of gray cloud across the room. The girl cried out and dropped the revolver. "Allow me," said Scott, and he picked it up and returned it to her. Then he again raised his hands.

A becoming flush routed the girl's pallor. "I guess you needn't do that any longer," she said. "And perhaps you would be more comfortable if you sat down."

"Thank you," Scott said gratefully, and dropped into a chair, rubbing his aching arms with unfeigned relief. After a minute or two he was shocked to discover that the girl was in tears.

"I don't see," she sobbed, "why any one who can be as courteous as you, and as considerate, should ever have taken up burglary."

"My dear girl," cried Scott, "I'm no more a burglar than you are. I am a gentleman, as you ought to begin to realize by this time. Miss Anne Bagsby is my aunt and I stopped off here this morning on my way East to pay her a few days' visit. There is to be a supper at the guildhall, in which she is interested, and as they were short of spoons, one of the women sent me after hers."

"It couldn't have been——" the girl began, and then she stopped. There was a sound of footsteps in the hall. A well-built, middle-aged man came into the dining-room with a cheerful, "Well, Amy," and then stopped stockstill in surprise.

With a dexterous movement, the girl had pulled the folds of her dress over the revolver. "Uncle Charlie," she faltered, "this is a friend of mine. A nephew of Miss Anne Bagsby."

The middle-aged man advanced cordially. "I'm very glad to meet you Mr. ——." He threw a reproachful glance at the girl blushing in the background.

Scott seized his outstretched hand. "Scott, Chester Scott. My aunt is interested in a church supper, which is to take place this evening, and as they were short of spoons, she sent me out to borrow some. Miss Amy has kindly consented to loan me two dozen and to give me her company at the supper."

"Oh, indeed. Well, I shall hope to see you again, Mr. Scott. Are you staying long?" asked the middle-aged man, quite unconscious of a dramatic display of indignation behind his back.

"I may stay some time. I'm not quite sure," said Scott cautiously. "And now, Miss Amy, I'm afraid if we don't start at once they'll send out a searching party for us."

When they were outside she handed him the revolver. "You have the spoons and you might as well have this, too," she said defiantly. "And if you turn out to be a Raffles sort of person, I'm disgraced."

He laughed at her tenderly. "You know you believe in me," he declared, "without any more explanations." And something in his glance struck sparks from hers.

Aunt Ann was watching for him on the guildhall steps. "Chester Scott, where have you been so long with those spoons?" Then, recognizing his companion, she stared helplessly. "Why, Amy Traynor!"

"Miss Traynor and I are going for a little walk," said her nephew, "but we'll be back with good appetites for supper. Here are some spoons which Miss Traynor has kindly loaned."

He handed them over, and the pair moved on. Mrs. Anderson laughed at her friend's bewildered air.

"So that was the attraction," she said. "I didn't even know that Chester was acquainted with her," sighed Aunt Anne. "I was taking all the credit of his coming to myself."

Mrs. Anderson laughed again. "I guess it's a settled thing all right," she said, "judging from the way he looked at her and the way she blushed at him. Well, I'm glad if Amy Traynor has found somebody to suit her at last. Now perhaps some of the other girls will have a chance."

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OLD FRIENDS—OLD TIMES.

I.

These birds that sing so sweet for you
Made song in Shakespeare's day;
The same fair flowers that feel the dew
He noticed by the way.
The same old world with bloom an' bough—
But no one writes like Shakespeare now!

II.

O'er the same brooks the poets lean:
The muse, though—have they caught her?
There are no songs like "Bonnie Jean,"
An' none like "Afton Water."
They sow the seed and guide the plow—
But no one sings like "Bobby" now!

III.

The same old world, the same old dreams,
The laughter and repining;
But not one friend like Pickwick beams,
With bluff old Wardle dining!
They tell their stories—make their bow—
But no one writes like Dickens now!

IV.

A great old world, my masters, still!
And songs and sights enchant us,
But from the far, immortal hill
Troop shadowy shapes that haunt us.
"Play out the play!" Some grace allow!
We're shadows of great shadows now!

—Atlanta Constitution.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

The Mushroom Knows No Decline.

Among the smart hats which have already made their appearance as early spring harbingers of what is to follow later on is this broad, low, scuttle-shaped hat, quaint in outline and trimming. It is an exaggerated mushroom shape in leghorn straw, and one of the first of the new big hats a summer vogue for which is confidently intimated. The natural colored straw is used, with a mauve dotted chiffon scarf folded around the crown and ending with two long looped bows in the back. A silver buckle identifies the front of the hat, while two big yellow roses each side of the front chiffon loops lend character to the ensemble.

AFFAIRS OF THE STAGE.

Jessie Millward and John Glendenning, now playing in "The Hypocrites" in New York, have announced their approaching marriage.

A train-load of big theatrical guns left New York yesterday for Baltimore, where they will see the opening performance of the revised version of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" to-night.

Rose Coghlan is to play the title role in the newly threatened production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in New York, if the police will let her. A. H. Woods, "the Frohman of melodrama," is the man behind the movement to revive the forbidden Shaw drama.

The cast of Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in which Ellen Terry will begin her present American engagement in New York to-night, is strangely lopsided as regards sex. Ellen Terry has the only female part in the play, while there are thirteen male characters. Of course this condition isn't the result of accident. The play was written for Miss Terry.

It is only to avoid the hardships of two weeks of one-night stands in the at present arctic regions of New York and New England, that the season of "On Parole" temporarily closed Saturday night. The play, in which Charlotte Walker and Vincent Serrano have made marked successes over a wide circuit, will be put on in New York shortly.

William Gillette's first contribution to vaudeville and the tabloid drama, "The Red Owl," was produced in Chicago last week in the presence of the author and others. The name part seems to be a sort of comedy descendant of Poe's raven, being a bric-a-brac owl of crimson hue with an evil influence on the family to which it appertains. It is finally demolished after getting a husband in and out of a dilemma and incidentally enhancing the value of a wife's loyalty.

Blanche Walsh is reasonably popular now, but she will be the most popular woman in the world with automobilists if she has really done what she claims to have done—invent a tire that is thoroughly resilient without being pneumatic, and at the same time nonpuncturable and proof against blow-outs. Moreover, according to the fair inventor, "it adds 35 per cent to the speed of the vehicle. It prevents flat wheels, and so abolishes 50 per cent of noises in a city. It does away with slipping belts."

If the audience at the Columbia Theater to-night should call for the author of "A Marriage of Reason," it will be interesting to note whether he repeats the "speech" he made at the trying-out performance in Hartford, Friday night. There Mr. Manners was dragged from concealment in the back of a box and onto the stage when the audience demanded the author. Released by his captors, the author stood for a moment in grievous embarrassment, his lips moved, there was agitation in the region of the larynx—and then he precipitately backed off the stage, bowing furiously.

Strange how subject great singers are to accident, how fragile their apparently robust bodies prove at critical moments. Emma Eames was doing nothing more dangerous or difficult than leaning over to pet her dog on Monday last when, in some mysterious way the cartilage of her right knee became dislocated. As a result a great audience that had gathered at the Metropolitan Opera House to hear her in "Aida" was disappointed, and Miss Eames was forced to undergo a surgical operation that required the administering of an anasthetic. It will be several days before she can go out.

At what they called a josh-fest between actors and playwrights in New York the other night, Wilton Lackaye handed this one to Sydney Rosenfeld: "He is what is known as a con-reader. He has a scenario, and he reads it to a manager. As he reads, it sounds great, and he has no difficulty in collecting $500 as advance royalties. Naturally, the manager expects something good, basing his hopes on the scenario he has heard, but when the play itself reaches him he is disappointed and declines. So Rosenfeld takes the scenario to another manager and repeats the process, getting another $500. He has been doing that for years. It would be a terrible calamity to him if some manager should disappoint him and accept the play."

An echo of the bitter fight between the theatrical syndicate and Mr. Metcalf, of Life, was heard at Albany last week, when a bill was introduced in the legislature forbidding the exclusion of any person from a theater or other place of public amusement without just cause. The bill provides that all persons within the jurisdiction of the State of New York shall be entitled to full accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges in licensed theaters and places of amusement, and that a person who, as owner, lessee, manager, or employe of a licensed theater excludes without just cause any person, is guilty of a misdemeanor. It isn't known what the chances are for the passage of the bill. It will, of course, be bitterly fought not only by the theatrical trust, but by independent proprietors of licensed places of amusement.

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STRAUSS' "SALOME."

A Marvelous Musical Setting for a Horrifying Drama.

From the New York Sun.

Setting aside for the moment the question whether the causation of nausea should be regarded as a laudable purpose for dramatic and musical art, it may be conceded that "Salome" is a creation of striking originality, of tremendous dramatic power, of irresistible musical expressiveness, and of marvelous technical construction. It demonstrates conclusively that in so far as technic and mastership in the treatment of operatic materials go, Strauss is entitled to a place among the leaders, and that his true field is not the concert hall, but the theater.

Every problem that has been raised in the critical consideration of Strauss' music was answered in the first half hour of "Salome." The man has been groping in the darkness of elaborate programme music for effects which belong to the pictorial drama. In "Salome," with the picture, the action, and the text making a living programme note, the art of Strauss suddenly stands forth in all its marvelous wealth of tone painting, a triumph of realism in music.

The orchestral portion is one continuous piece of symphonic tone painting. Leading themes are employed as they are in the Wagner drama. But the writing for the orchestra is planned on a larger and more complicated scale. Gluck, for instance, aimed at a grand simplicity. Strauss aims at the effects of an imposing complexity. He is the Turner of tone painters. He uses the most bizarre palette, and sometimes things are out of drawing; but he fills his canvas with weird, distorted atmosphere, with vast expanses of contrasting color and figure, and with an infinite number of details which only gradually shape themselves into a concrete whole. No one can hear half of them at a first performance.

Thousands will say that this music is ultra-Wagnerian. The truth is that Strauss begins where Wagner left off. Wagner is his point of departure. The pure, unadulterated major scale he rarely uses. He writes not merely dissonances, but double dissonances, one on top of the other. This is not what we used to call music. It is a new tonal language. In the concert hall it is like the confusion of Babel. In the theater it suddenly transforms itself into the most potent and overwhelming expression of all anguish, all fury, all fiendish and damnable passions, all the hell of seething, vitiated souls.

Whether this sort of music would with equal power express high thoughts and beautiful emotions we many only guess. Mr. Strauss has no such matters to discuss in "Salome." The personages whose feelings are to be exposed in this drama are hideous degenerates. Two principal characters occupy the stage, Herod and Salome. Herodias is subsidiary, but she, too, is a degenerate. Jokanaan, as John the Baptist is called, is not a human force at all, but merely an abstraction, the personfication of an icy moral idea.

The drama concerns itself with the shocking emotions of Salome and the shattered, perverted, and decaying personality of Herod. It is a study in rottenness. Ibsen, in his most merciless exposure of decadent humanity, never created a more amazing character study than this Herod.

On the other hand, the orchestra sweats and stews and quivers madly with the abandon of Salome's physical passion for the prophet. Mere words and cold type cannot convey to the reader any realization of the manner in which this man Strauss rips the covering off a soul beside which that of Swinburne's Faustine is as a lily beside a poppy. In his musical delineation of Herod and Salome the composer has made music publish the monstrosities of minds and bodies diseased, and he has done it with a power little short of diabolical. As an expression of the horrible fancies of Oscar Wilde, this score is a masterpiece. As a demonstration of the suitability of ultra modern composition to the purposes of the music drama, it is complete and convincing.

The most considerable problem presented by this drama—and there are several—is whether the picture of Salome codding and kissing a severed head is not an outrage on the possibilities of the theater, and whether the musical investiture of the scene, with its return of the lascivious love themes of the duet between Salome and Jokanaan, is quite sincere. The public alone can decide whether the spectacle of the sensual creature groveling and pulling over the ghastly head is one to be tolerated. No commentator who believes in the ennobling and uplifting mission of art can approve of such a disgusting scene.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

An official of a bank in a Southern city has confessed to the theft of a few thousands of dollars, and for what purpose, think you? To beautify his home. A man with a good, steady-paying position could not live within his means, it seems, so he sacrificed his honorable career for ornament, not comfort. His family can scarcely thank him for the bargain, as all must share the disgrace, all must face future hardship.

* * *

Why cannot men and women know when they are well off? Good health and a chance to earn a living at congenial work are quite enough to bring contentment. With a small salary some people manage to live prettily, pay their bills, educate their children and lay by a bit for a rainy day. Others squander a handsome income and have little to show for it. If costly furnishings are necessary to one's happiness there is nothing more to be said—economy would be impossible unless a lack of money forced it. Middle-class parents who think that expensive colleges are the only ones where a good education can be secured are not open to conviction, so what is the use of wasting breath upon them?

* * *

But young men and women can be reached, possibly, by simple reasoning. We are continually hearing of the unwonted prosperity of the country with a few warnings of a future tumble from croakers, but the only prosperity that directly affects us is the money at our individual command. That must be made to cover the living expenses of the present and protect the future, and the best method of solving the problem ought to be worth a search. We must face the prospect of age with its drawbacks, and the probability of illness and misfortune, from time to time. No life flows so smoothly that all rocks can be skirted.

* * *

A man who had served thirty-five years at a work he loved was deposed, the other day, to make room for a younger man. He did not have to worry over the financial loss, and he had a diversion that should have consoled him, yet he found no interest in life after his work had been taken away. He had not faced the inevitable, in imagination, or he would have become used to the thought that age was going to affect his life. I have always admired a singer who turned her back upon the temptation of money offers and retired from public view at the zenith of her power.

* * *

She refused to reach the pitiable stage, the point where her admirers could tell of the glorious voice she had before she grew old, and having a devoted husband and an income sufficient for reasonable wants she is passing a contented, peaceful life in a small city where show is not the first consideration. The love of money is a stumbling block to rational behavior, so cases of this kind are rare. We do not save at the proper time, at the time when we are best fitted by nature to cope with difficulties. We want luxuries in youth rather than reserve them for the time in life when creature comforts count a great deal, so we spend our money on perishable things, leaving the future to care for itself. Nobody blames a man for having and confessing to a desire for a beautiful home; it is only when he robs others to obtain it that he deserves the scorn of the world. The excuse has the charm of novelty, but it is no better than the familiar one of speculation, is it?

BETTY BRADEEN.

The Washington Herald has but one name. It is The Washington Herald every morning in the week, Sunday included. Telephone, Main 2300.

Injuring the Lemon Trade.

From the New York Sun.

"It is a fact that that fool expression about handing people a lemon is hurting the lemon trade," said a grocer. "People who really want to buy lemons are afraid to ask for them. There was a woman in here this morning who hung around for quite a while after making her purchases as if she wanted something else, but she finally went away without buying anything. By and by her little boy came in and bought a lemon. He said his mother had intended to get it, but she was ashamed to ask for it. There are plenty of other people in the same fix. It will be a good thing for trade when that idiotic saying becomes a back number."